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Words by Campbell.

The Battle of the Baltic.

Miss C. A. Macirone.
(One of 4 Choral Songs.)

[London: J. ALFRED NOVELLO, 69, Dean Street, Soho, & 24, Poultry; also in New York, at 389 Broadway.]

Treble. *Allegro con moto, ben marcato.*

1. Of Nelson and the North, sing the glorious day's renown, When to bat-tle fierce came forth All the

Alto

1. Of Nelson and the North, sing the glorious day's renown, When to bat-tle fierce came forth All the

Tenor, (8ve lower.)

1. Of Nelson and the North, sing the glorious day's renown, When to bat-tle fierce came forth All the

Bass.

1. Of Nelson and the North, sing the glorious day's renown, When to bat-tle fierce came forth All the

Accomp. *Allegro con moto, ben marcato.*

rallo *tempo.*

might of Denmark's crown, and her arms a-long the deep proud-ly shone. By each

rallo. *tempo.*

might of Denmark's crown, and her arms a-long the deep proud-ly shone. By each

rallo. *tempo.*

might of Denmark's crown, and her arms a-long the deep proud-ly shone. By each

rallo. *tempo.*

might of Denmark's crown, and her arms a-long the deep proud-ly shone. By each

rallo. *tempo.*

rallo.

gun a lighted brand, In a bold determined hand, And the Prince of all the land led them on.

rallo.

gun a lighted brand, In a bold determined hand, And the Prince of all the land led them on.

rallo.

gun a lighted brand, In a bold determined hand, And the Prince of all the land led them on.

rallo.

gun a lighted brand, In a bold determined hand, And the Prince of all the land led them on.

rallo.

2. Like le - vi - a - thans a - float Lay their bul - warks on the brine, While the
3. But the might of Eng - land flush'd To an - ti - ci - pate the scene, And her

2. Like le - vi - a - thans a - float Lay their bul - warks on the brine, While the
3. But the might of Eng - land flush'd To an - ti - ci - pate the scene, And her

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2. Like le - vi - a - thans a - float Lay their bul - warks on the brine, While the
3. But the might of Eng - land flush'd To an - ti - ci - pate the scene, And her

sign of bat - tle flew On the lof - ty Bri - tish line, It was
van the fleet - er rushed O'er the dead - ly space be - tween. "Hearts of

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van the fleet - er rushed O'er the dead - ly space be - tween. "Hearts of

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sign of bat - tle flew On the lof - ty Bri - tish line, It was
van the fleet - er rushed O'er the dead - ly space be - tween. "Hearts of

rallo. *tempo.*

ten of A - pril morn by the chime; As they drift - ed on their path There was
oak!" our Cap - tain cried, when each gun From its a - da - man - tine lips Spread a

ten of A - pril morn by the chime; As they drift - ed on their path There was
oak!" our Cap - tain cried, when each gun From its a - da - man - tine lips Spread a

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ten of A - pril morn by the chime; As they drift - ed on their path There was
oak!" our Cap - tain cried, when each gun From its a - da - man - tine lips Spread a

rall.

si - lence deep as death, And the bold - est held his breath for a time.
death shade round the ships, Like the hur - ri - cane e - clipse of the sun.

rall.

si - lence deep as death, And the bold - est held his breath for a time.
death shade round the ships, Like the hur - ri - cane e - clipse of the sun.

rall.

si - lence deep as death, And the bold - est held his breath for a time.
death shade round the ships, Like the hur - ri - cane e - clipse of the sun.

rall.

si - lence deep as death, And the bold - est held his breath for a time.
death shade round the ships, Like the hur - ri - cane e - clipse of the sun.

4. Out spake the vic - tor then, As he hail'd them o'er the wave, "Ye are
5. Now joy, old England, raise, For the tid - ings of thy might, By the

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4. Out spake the vic - tor then, As he hail'd them o'er the wave, "Ye are
5. Now joy, old England, raise, For the tid - ings of thy might, By the

bro - thers, ye are men, And we con - quer but to save; So . .
fes - tal ci - ties' blaze, Whilst the wine cup shines in light; And . .

bro - thers, ye are men, And we con - quer but to save; So . .
fes - tal ci - ties' blaze, Whilst the wine cup shines in light; And . .

bro - thers, ye are men, And we con - quer but to save; So . .
fes - tal ci - ties' blaze, Whilst the wine cup shines in light; And . .

bro - thers, ye are men, And we con - quer but to save; So . .
fes - tal ci - ties' blaze, Whilst the wine cup shines in light; And . .

rallo. *tempo.*

peace in - stead of death let us bring. But yield, proud foe, thy fleet, With the
yet, a - midst that joy and up - roar, Let us think of them that sleep Full

peace in - stead of death let us bring. But yield, proud foe, thy fleet, With the
yet, a - midst that joy and up - roar, Let us think of them that sleep Full

rallo. *tempo.*

peace in - stead of death let us bring. But yield, proud foe, thy fleet, With the
yet, a - midst that joy and up - roar, Let us think of them that sleep Full

peace in - stead of death let us bring. But yield, proud foe, thy fleet, With the
yet, a - midst that joy and up - roar, Let us think of them that sleep Full

rallo.

crews, at Eng - land's feet, And make sub-mis - sion meet to our King."
ma - ny a fa - thom deep, By thy wild and stor - my steep, El - si - nore!

crews, at Eng - land's feet, And make sub-mis - sion meet to our King."
ma - ny a fa - thom deep, By thy wild and stor - my steep, El - si - nore!

rallo.

crews, at Eng - land's feet, And make sub-mis - sion meet to our King."
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